Miſ. Page. Why went you not with Maſter Doctor, maid?
Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it.
You would haue married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted)
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolue vs;
Th'offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit looſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or vndutious title,
Since therein ſhe doth euitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.
Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themſelues do guide the ſtate,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are ſold by fate.
Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.
Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.
Fal. When night-dogges run, all ſorts of Deere are chac'd.
Miſ. Page. Well, I will muſe no further: Maſter *Fenton*,
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this ſport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir *Iohn* and all.
Ford. Let it be ſo (Sir *Iohn*:)
To Maſter *Broome*, you yet ſhall hold your word,
For he, to night, ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.